

## Washing Your Hands

by Hawki

Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Black-Box/BB, Serin O./Serin-017

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-05-19 15:34:10

Updated: 2012-05-19 15:34:10

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:55:06

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 823

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Oneshot: There are a few things to keep in mind when onboard the 'Infinity.' One of them is to practice proper hygiene.

## Washing Your Hands

**\*\*Washing Your Hands\*\***

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas in incarnadine, making the green one red."

**\*\*\*Shut up BB."**

"Well \_excuse \_me Captain, I didn't know I wasn't allowed to quote human literature."

"You can only go back five-hundred years. After that, and you're liable to become even more of a smartarse."

Black-Box remained quiet, and while she didn't know exactly why, Serin Osman was content with the fact rather than the reason. Was content with the silence that filled one of the UNSC \_Infinity\_'s many cubicles bar the humming of the giant ship's engine. Was content with him being quiet, because seeing the writing on the mirror in front of her, didn't want any more comments that pertained to the super-soldiers onboard the ship.

\_And of course it's only us, \_she reflected as the anti-pathogenic soap made its way over her skin, only to be washed off by recycled water that probably set the anti-microbial assault back to its own lines. \_How nice to be made welcome.\_

Of course, it was a standard warning in principle. Humanity could beat the Covenant, but the battle against germs was ever ongoing-they

had to keep fighting them in case the Covies came back and decided to make their Scarabs walk on three legs instead. But even so, looking at the textâ€|

**\*\*Spartans must wash hands before returning to battle. Xenobiological fluids may constitute a health hazard.\*\***

"It will have blood," BB declared suddenly, as if reading her mind. Blood will have blood."

"Shut up BB."

"Ah, ye spirits of cruelty, made thick my captain's blood."

"You're quote mining."

"And thy blade and dungeon gouts of blood, which were not so before. There is no such thing: It is the bloody business that informs thus to mine eyes."

"Actually, I think the last job was rather clean."

"Ah, so you \_are \_educated. I'm glad."

Serin remained silent. It was almost a role reversal of their earlier conversation, but as far as she was concerned, remaining silent was a tactical move rather than a conversational retreat. BB had so far kept his literary remarks confined to the cubicle and Macbeth, and with any luck, Del Rio would summon him to the bridge before he could move on to another play.

"You know, if you want, I could try Hamlet. I mean, something's rotten on this ship, don't you think?"

Serin still remained silent, though her silence was overshadowed by the sound of the washroom door heading open as she headed out into the corridor proper. Here, BB couldn't annoy her without running the risk of driving the crew insane with his platitudes, and for now at least, it seemed a risk that he wasn't willing to take.

"Captain."

"Captain."

Serin casually saluted the swabbies walking by her. Out here, insanity could take on a new form.

And as she passed through a view window, showing nothing but the darkness of slipspace, she reflected that insanity could also be derived from her misgivings.

She missed Kilo-Five, even if she'd never admit it to BB. While many of its members effectively conformed to narrow shades of character that complemented the whole, she still felt more at home with them on the Port Stanley. A small ship like a corvette wasâ€|well, small. Far smaller than one 3.5 clicks in length, where the people she could interact with actually saw her as part of a team rather than an advisor. True, she wasn't in the league of her Spartan-II comrades that passed augmentation, but she considered herself relatively

competent. Even if Majestic Squad didn't.

"\_Ah look, the washout."\_

"\_Here to do more relic hunting?"\_

"\_You like kebabs, Oz? I'll show you mine."\_

Serin shook her head. Maybe Halsey and Ackerson had the right of it. Maybe volunteer Spartans were a bad idea. There was nothing to get in the way of their superiority complex.

And Majestic Squad wasn't the only thing that was bothering her. There was the \_Infinity \_itself. Giant vessels like this might make for good patrol ships, but as far as she was aware, patrolling was not the same as heading to the edge of the galaxy with no explanation as to why, let alone acknowledgement that they were even doing so.

Maybe they were headed for something that \_would \_involve xenobiological fluids. As bloody minded as it sounded, Serin supposed she'd welcome it.

That, or she'd wash her hands of this ship.

\* \* \*

><p><em>AN\_

\_Idea for this came from an image from the latest Halo bulletin, namely one on a certain washroom mirror. Whatever else can be said about 343, at least they understand the importance of hygiene.  
XD\_

End  
file.